The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

PITILESS FATE

I saw in my dream a wonderful stream,
And over the stream was a bridge so slender,
And over the white was a scarlet light,
And over the scarlet a golden splendor.

And beyond the bridge was a goodly ridge
Where bees made honey and corn was growing,
And down that way, through the gold and gray,
A gay young man in a boat was rowing.

I could see from the shore that a rose he wore
Stuck in his button-hole, rare as the rarest,
And singing a song and rowing along,
I guessed his face to be fair as the fairest.

And all by the corn where the bees at morn
Made combs of honey, with breathing bated,
I saw by the stream (it was only a dream)
A lovely lady that watched and waited.

There were fair green leaves in her silken sleeves,
And loose her locks in the winds were blowing,
And she kissed to land with her milk-white hand
The gay young man in the boat a rowing.

And all so light in her apron white
She caught the little red rose he cast her;
And "Haste!" she cried, with her arms so wide,
"Haste, sweetheart, haste!" but the boat was past her.

And the gray so cold ran over the gold,
And she sighed, with only the winds to hear her,
"He loves me still, and he rowed with a will,
But pitiless Fate, not he, was steerer!"

And there till the morn blushed over the corn,
And over the bees in their sweet combs humming,
Her locks with the dew drenched through and through,
She watched and waited her false love's coming!

But the maid to-day who reads my lay
May keep her young heart light as a feather;
It was only a dream, the bridge and the stream,
And lady and lover, and all together.

ALICE CARY.

A SIGH.

It was nothing but a rose I gave her,
Nothing but a rose
Any wind might rob of half its savor,
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers
With a hand as chill—
Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,
Stays, and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,
Crumpled fold on fold—
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages
Cannot make it old!

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

The best investment of a small amount of money (we mean as small as two dollars) is to put it into an envelop, enclose your name and address, and mail it to THE REVOLUTION, Box 3093, New York, and get in return a year's good reading, in this journal, on subjects which every woman ought to ponder for the sake of her womanhood.

Our Special Contributors.

PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY HELEN HOWARD.

It is said that the proverbs of the world furnish an epitome of the wit and wisdom of all nations and ages. The most salient and universal traits of human nature are caught and preserved in them, as flies are preserved in amber. The same is true of the deeply-ingrained prejudices which have come down to us from a semi-barbarous time. If proverbs are in many cases neat and portable packages in which self-evident truths are handed about, they also furnish conveyance for many ideas which do not fit the period in which we live. Old, hateful, unjust notions, about women especially, are thus kept in circulation, and show how deep was the brand of her servitude in the ages when they were coined by male ingenuity. Much of this small change of thought is spurious, but it is curious and instructive as measuring the thorough contempt men often expressed for women at the time of their most servile submission to male rule. In these brief editions of would-be wisdom the intellect of woman is almost universally derided:

A Hebrew proverb says:

"When an ass climbs a ladder we may find wisdom in women."

As another has it:

"Three women and a goose make a market."

And another still:

"Where there are women and geese there wants no noise."

Here is a batch of proverbs illustrative of the utter worthlessness of women:

"A man of straw is better than a woman of gold."

"A dead wife," it is also said, "is the best goods in a man's house."

"The badness of man is better than the goodness of woman," declares a Jewish proverb.

"The death of wives and the loss of sheep make men rich."

"If a woman were as little as she is good,
A pea's cod would make her a gown and a hood."

"Deeds are males; words are females."

The deceit, inconstancy, and untrustworthy characteristics of women have called into existence a score of proverbs, from which we select a few:

"No relying on women, wine, and fortune."

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the wants great."

"Women, wind and fortune are ever changing."

The necessity of the personal castigation of wives is insisted on by some of these old saws. Here is one that says:

"A spaniel, a woman, and a walnut tree,
The more they are beaten the better still they be."

Another has it:

"You may beat the devil into your wife, but you will never bring him out again."

The childish notion that women ought habitually to keep silence is expressed by a number of sayings:

"Silence is the best ornament of a woman."

"Silence is a fine jewel for a woman, but 'tis seldom worn."

"Let women spin, and not preach."

"Maidens should be mild and meek,
Swift to hear and slow to speak."

"Maidens should be mim till they're married, and then they may burn kirks."

No greater degree of contempt could possibly be expressed than by the comparisons to which women are subjected:

"It's as great a pity to see a woman weep as to see a goose go barefoot."

"A woman's tongue wags like a lamb's tail."

"Women and dogs set men by the ears."

"Women and hens, through too much gadding, are lost."

Here is one of the articles of the old marriage-creed:

"Go down the ladder when thou marriest a wife; go up when thou choosest a friend."

Here is encouragement for constant home-keeping and drudgery:

"The wife that expects to have a good name is always at home, as if she were lame; and the maid that is honest, her chiefest delight is still to be doing from morning till night."

His satanic majesty, it would appear by these saws, is on intimate terms with the sex:

"Tell a woman she's a beauty, and the devil will tell her so ten times."

"Man is fire; woman is tow; the devil comes, and sets them in a blaze."

Here is the terse expression of a very pernicious belief:

"Women commend a modest man, but like him not."

Woman's capacity for intrigue and deceit is thus expressed:

"Women, in mischief, are wiser than men."

"Women conceal all they know not."

"Who hath a fair wife needs more than two eyes."

"For whom does the blind man's wife paint herself?"

The shrewish qualities of women are drawn in no alluring colors:

"If you can abide a curst wife you need not fear any company."

"Every man can tame a shrew but he that hath her."

Here is compliment to womanly intuitions:

"Take your wife's first advice, not her second."

Proverbs complimentary to women are seldom met, but these that follow express homely truths:

"One hair of a woman draws more than a team of oxen."

"She that gazes much spins not much."

"Silks and satins put out the kitchen fire."

"Observe the face of the wife, and know the husband's character."

The penury of women is here acknowledged:

"Women must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die:

Old maids are subjected to a horrible fate by proverb-mongers:

"Old maids lead apes in hell."

Young maids without matrimonial prospects are of course depicted as a drug:

"The worst store is a maid unbestowed."

"Maids want nothing but husbands, and when they have them they want everything."

I have failed to find any considerable number of proverbs containing sarcasms and strictures upon men in their relations with

women. I, therefore, conclude that these churlish saws were made wholly by soured and disappointed bachelors and old curmudgeons among benedicts. As women are now learning to use the well-nibbed pen of sarcasm, perhaps in a century or two a proverbial literature may come into existence which will tell some plain and certain truths of men in the briefest and pithiest manner.

WHAT ARE LITTLE GIRLS MADE FOR?

BY S. S. PACKARD.

Will you permit me to say a word in relation to a class of women who do not have their "rights," simply because they will not take them. I allude to girls and unmarried women who have brains, industry, integrity, and what is quite as essential in rubbing against the sharp corners of the world—tact, and yet lack the courage and common sense to make use of them. There is probably no stronger desire—and surely none more creditable—on the part of sensible women than the desire to earn the money they spend; to feel that it is absolutely their own, not through the grace or charity of friends, however dear and unexacting, but by virtue of acquisition. Indulgent parents and kind husbands, of whom the world has many a noble sample, are rarely apt to analyze the feelings of daughters and wives who accept of their bounty *as such;* or to estimate the demoralizing and debasing influence of the relations of benefactor and beneficiary which are so frequently established and perpetuated in "well regulated families." A young girl once said to me, "I never ask my father for money without a faintness of heart and a reluctance of spirit which is oppressive and painful in the extreme."

"And why is this?" I asked, "Is your father unwilling to give you money when you ask for it?"

"Oh, no; on the contrary, he is too willing; and always gives we more than I ask for."

"Then why should you hesitate to ask him?"

"Because I do not feel that I have any right to his money. I never earn anything; I am a continual expense to him, not only for my living, but for the means of education of which he is entirely unsparing. I feel that I ought to make some slight return; that if the education which has been so freely bestowed upon me is of any earthly use, it should have an *earning* quality, and that I should have the benefit of it. But father is not willing I should work for wages. He says he is able to support me, and he prefers to do so. But O, if he only knew how much happier it would make me to feel that at least a portion of the money I spend I have honestly earned, I think he would reason differently."

I thought so, too, and it was not long before a way was opened for the realization of the young lady's wishes. She had a talent for music, which had been developed by good teachers, and which was found available for better purposes than that of a mere ornamental appendage, which was the father's original idea, and by the consent of the father—first reluctantly given, and now exultantly conceded—the girl is independent and happy. She feels no faint-heartedness now in asking her father for money, for she does not stand in need of his bounty. She does not love him the less that he has permitted her to enter upon her rights, but all the more; and he is a happy man in contemplating the fact that should he ever be deprived of his wealth or his power to support his daughter, she will be dependent on no stranger's bounty, and may even be able to return to him a share of what he has so liberally—and with no such thought—bestowed upon her.

Everybody knows that this is no isolated case, for everybody's personal experience can furnish its duplicate many times repeated. The fact is, there is no woman of proper spirit who can afford to be wholly dependent upon another—man or woman—for the victuals she eats, the clothes she wears, or the money she spends; and so I will say what I aimed to say at the start—that the reason why women so degrade themselves in their own sight is because they have not the courage to do right.

It is a common but very foolish complaint on the part of women that they have no chance in competition with men for clerkships—as book-keepers, cashiers, etc. The only reason why this is so, if it is, is because they are not competent to do the work, and *will not prepare themselves.* A young man usually earns his clerkship by a three or four years apprenticeship as shop-boy, runner, and general utility work—an apprenticeship which is invaluable in its training qualities, and which no girl can be expected to accomplish. There are plenty of positions, however, attainable by respectable young ladies without this severe ordeal, and requiring only the preliminary education in accountantship, and yet the comparatively small number of young ladies who will even spend a few months to acquire this necessary knowledge is astonishing. Something more than a year ago I offered to educate gratuitously for business *fifty* women, of whatever age or condition, who should come well recommended, and with the purpose to use the knowledge they might acquire in a proper way. Before making this offer I called on a number of business men who agreed to employ in appropriate positions any well qualified woman I might send them. This offer was published extensively throughout the country; and was favorably commented upon by editors everywhere; and yet, although I have kept the offer open to this time, not more than *ten* ladies have availed themselves of the offer, and *none* of these have had the courage or persistence to complete a course of instruction, or to remain until *qualified* for a position.

It is very wrong to presume that there is a prejudice against employing women in clerical positions. I know of many excellent houses in this city where good female-accountants would be welcomed, and in not a few would be preferred to males. But what is wanted is absolute *qualification* for the position, and a willingness to do the duties.

I learn that Peter Cooper is about to extend his beneficence to cover the preparation of women, for clerical positions. I trust he will do so; and that some of these poor, starving needle-women, who are scarcely able to keep body and soul together, may be able to avail themselves of his kindness sufficiently to obtain more suitable employment and better wages; and then I trust that fathers who are blessed with daughters having brains and physical strength will ask themselves what their heavenly gifts are for, and govern themselves accordingly.

METHODS OF CURE.

Prostitution!—Term, which seems to pollute the ears of sensitive women. Reality, which shocks the feelings of modest women.

But will a putrid, gangrene sore ever be healed if the surgeon and nurse turn from it with disgust? Let us probe the wound; let us seek its origin; let us trace its source. How many of the thousands of those lost women whom society will not own have voluntarily sought their own degradation? Not one in a hundred—perhaps not one in a thousand. What, then, has brought them to it? The solicitations of men—men who have sometimes won their affections, and then deserted them; sometimes taken advantage of their poverty or other necessities to tempt them; sometimes watched for their follies, their love of dress, love of exciting amusements, to betray them.

Must we *despise* the frail women who have fallen into those traps? Then we must *abhor* the lustful men who set the traps. And if we do so, and turn our backs upon both, shall we walk with clear consciences and unsullied lives? Men, bad men, have created this cesspool of iniquity. Other men, better men, who would not create it will still be willing to gather up the offensive waters, and the noxious vapours, and present them to other women who have not been so tempted, as a warning *not* to do their duty, *not* to claim their privileges, *not* to seek their own elevation. Kind, good, well meaning husbands, fathers, brothers, will whisper to their female relatives, "don't seek to vote, for if you succeed you will have to associate with all low, vulgar women, and even with the common prostitutes of large cities," and many pure minded women are thus frightened away.

The same good men will say, "admitting women would multiply votes and bring confusion." Well, lessen the number of votes. Let votes be taken by tenths, by hundredths, if you will, but let the proper element be included. "Oh! but," say they, "to introduce all women will introduce a very polluted element." Let us find out how much more unclean is the vote of a common prostitute than the vote of the licentious man who made her so—how many degrees more polluted? Ah! you will soon see it is many degrees less polluted, for many of these poor forsaken women have shrunk in horror at the first perception of the depths to which in their delusion they had fallen; many have shed bitter tears of repentance, and would have been glad to return to their former way of life, but all doors were closed against them, while no such pangs have visited their destroyers; for if conscience did smite them, no door is shut against them. Again, the same good men will say, "Many colleges are being opened to women; many laws being modified; plenty of ways are being prepared for women to elevate themselves, if they are so disposed, without seeking political equality." This is true; but how many of the great mass of women will take advantage of these means of elevation? Only the ambitious, the energetic; while there are thousands who never will *rise*, but who must *be raised*, who never will "come up" until the whole sex is elevated and they as a part of it. Then the question arises, Why elevate them if they do not desire it? Because in no other way can men and women be taught that they were created to do the work of life together, and

are equally responsible to the Almighty Creator for the manner in which they do it; because in no other way can we upset the baneful idea that man was created to do the work of life, and woman to soothe and cheer him, and contribute to his enjoyment during the interims of his labor. And as long as this too prevalent idea is not upset prostitution and a thousand other evils will walk rampant on the earth; for the noble, refined men will make companions of the women they believe confided to their care, and share their thoughts and feelings with them; yet bad, lustful men will turn to those within their reach for the gratification of their sensual appetites, and nothing but their being placed side by side, and working through the labor of life as their different natures dictate to them without any restrictive law as to sex, will teach them that they are to be *co-workers* in the service of God, instead of one to serve God and the other to serve the server. Many will tell us there are resources of escape from this great evil; there are houses of refuge for fallen women; there are houses for the repentant. This is true; but these are only local cooling applications, while the root of the evil is untouched. Lift the woman out of her subservient, dependent position; endow her with power of every kind equal to man, and he will no longer regard her as a creature made for his indulgence, nor will she longer submit to be the sport of his passions. Political elevation always has given, and always will give, social weight and influence.

There are difficulties, great difficulties, to be met in accomplishing this mighty change (the elevation of woman), but they will all be met. Have we no faith in the Great Ruler of the universe, that He desires the removal of evil and the progress of good. Let us remember how He put down the spies who brought of the grapes of Eschol, and proved the goodness of the land, yet deterred the people from going forward by their timid fears of difficulties. Let us remember all the fears that were entertained about the consequences of setting the slaves free; yet He would have them set free, and scourged us with a civil war to force us to do it.

Let us not ask Him to *help us* to do this work, the franchisement of women. Let us regard it as His work, and ask Him to *suffer us* to *help* Him. Let us accept his invitation to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

SEX AND WAGES.

MORE ABOUT THE ARTICLE IN SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

The writer of this article says "that it is generally conceded that women are as good teachers as men, yet they cannot get the same prices for teaching;" and goes on to say that if women were as good general laborers as men they could get the same pay; that if they could build houses, steam-engines, &c., they could command the same prices as men for teaching. It is hard to see what relation some men's building houses, steam-engines, &c., has to do with other's teaching school. Surely the writer does not intend to be understood that because a man can build houses and steam-engines, he can, for that reason, teach school better than he or she who has *chosen* that profession and is *fitted* for it. If so, then women who want the same pay as men for teaching must learn to build houses and steam-engines, and first become adepts in working with the rough forces of Nature that they may be skilled in dealing with mind.

Seriously, however, is it not skill and adaptation to the work of teaching that must command the highest reward, at last, for that kind of labor, and, in fact, every other? Will not employers, in all departments of labor, have the best they can procure for their money, *i. e.*, when they are certain where to find it? And dealing with the rough forces of Nature will scercely be a fitting school for very many of the pursuits in which women will naturally engage.

In fact, must we not look for some other cause than the reason assigned in this article from the *Monthly* to discover why woman has never yet received the same remuneration as man for the same labor?

One writer says, "counting out the body," in the realm of creative art, painting, sculpture, and authorship, sex is not considered.

That is certainly a step in the right direction, and little by little we trust (we may be pardoned the hope, seemingly justified by the indications of the times,) that the good day is not far distant when, even counting the body in, women will receive for the same labor, equally well performed, the same remuneration as men.

What say the twenty thousand women who work in the extensive fields of the "Great West?" When they ride the reapers, mowers, grain-drills, rake, bind, pitch, top, and build up stacks, doing all as quick and equally as well as men, are they not to have as much pay as men?

Will not, does not, the most skillful, the most effective labor command the highest price, even counting out the body, so soon as it is established where it is to be had? So soon as it is proved that one person does a certain kind of work better than *all* others, so soon will not that work be sought after in preference to any other, and the question will not be who, but how? Self-interest will look after these things.

Women have not been as good laborers as men, for it is only very lately, and but very partially yet, that woman has acknowledged the fact that she *was* or *is* to be a laborer in the general acceptation of the term.

We know well the President of a South-western college of much note, himself almost unsurpassed as an instructor, whose wife, for the time she teaches, commands a salary fully equal to his.

In a future article we may consider the reasons why women have not received the same pay as men for the same labor.

A Marriage in high life was broken off in Terre Haute, Ind., the other day, simply because the prospective bridegroom, in examining the family Bible, found the would-be bride nine years older than the indorsement of her mother called for.

We hope the day will come when women will cease telling lies about their ages, and will learn to consider it as mean to utter falsehoods for such a cause as for any other. In the above instance we think the young man perfectly justifiable in taking the course he did.

If you want to make any lady a Thanksgiving present for which she will be truly thankful send her, with your good wishes, a copy of THE REVOLUTION, and say that you have done yourself the pleasure of paying for it for one year.

FUTURE MOTHERS.

An English paper says: "We spoke recently of bringing up our girls to stand *alone;* but even more than for her, whose fate is a single life, is a high class of education necessary for her who is to become a wife and mother. The men of the twentieth century are literally in the hands of us who are bringing up the girls of the nineteenth. No sovereignty can be so complete as that of the mother over her boy till he reaches a certain age. Her way of thinking, her way of speaking, her way of acting, forms the standard to which he brings everything in himself and in the world around him. He sees with her eyes, and hears with her ears; his very heart beats in unison with hers. When he goes out into the world this power is weakened—nay, sometimes, in the hour of passion or pleasure, it dies almost out. But sooner or later that old influence will be re-awakened within him, and the perhaps dead mother will, through memory, again reign in the heart of her son. Thus it comes to pass that his mother colors, in general, more or less of a man's whole life. This is why all great men have great mothers. This is why the unfolding of not one blossom "in the rosebud garden of girls" can be looked on as a matter of slight import to the world.

"Again, what is so much the shaper of a man's story as the mind of his wife? If she is ambitious for him, he is ambitious for himself. If, out of a selfish wish to keep him at her side, she lulls him into idleness, he becomes a useless member of society. If she is an agreeable companion, he stays at home. If she is frivolous, and can talk about nothing but lace and ribbons, he goes to his club. She strikes the moral and religious key-note of the whole family. We may then judge whether it is necessary to give our girls breadth and firmness of character, and to make them something more than pretty pieces of furniture in their husband's house."

"'The Amazons of the Seine' is the name of the corps of women forming for the defence of Paris. The costume consists of black trousers, with an orange-colored stripe, a blouse of woolen stuff, with a cap and a black 'kepi' with an orange-colored band, and a cartridge box fastening to a shoulder belt. The officers are to be ladies, principally the wives and daughters of officers in the army, and therefore, supposed to have some acquaintance with military tactics. Every candidate for admission to the corps must be accompanied by her husband, father or brother, and must bring a certificate of character from the Commissary of Police. In order to encourage the corps, a special, patriotic and spirit-stirring song has been written, It is entitled, 'The Marsellaise of the Amazons of the Seine.' The Amazons are expected to minister to the wounded, to defend the ramparts and barricades jointly with the stationary National Guard, and to render the combatants in whose ranks they may be distributed by companies, all such domestic and fraternal services as are compatible with moral order and military discipline."

A corps of women like the one above described, might do admirable service by ministering to the wants of the sick and wounded, and constituting itself a female sanitary commission; but we should heartily deplore any participation in actual warfare by this amazonian band. What the domestic and fraternal services alluded to mean, we do not understand.

Miss Sarah Russell has become the City Editor of the New Haven *Palladium*, and it will be interesting to see the result of this Miss administration of the important duties of her position.

Notes About Women.

— A woman is as good as a man.

—A little Maine girl of fourteen wants a divorce from her husband of forty-five.

—Miss Adelaide Hovey has been appointed postmistress at South Plymouth, Mass.

—Miss Lewis' statue of Hagar has been raffled for three thousand dollars in Chicago.

—At Aberdeen, Scotland, one of the leading papers is under the control of a woman.

— Our first note is to invite all our subscribers to renew their subscription to THE REVOLUTION.

—Five ladies of the corps de ballet lately started from Paris for America in a cordy balloon.

—It is a pity that *Scribner's Monthly*, under the Dr.'s leadership, should have taken the back track at the very outset.

—One of the female medical students in the Michigan University had the courage to register herself fifty-two years old.

—Henry Morgan, Esq., of Aurora, N. Y., has presented the female college of that place with a magnificent collection of birds, formerly the propeaty of Audubon.

—Mrs. Mary Ellet, who belonged to one of the most distinguished families of the Revolution, died in Philadelphia on Saturday at the age of ninety-one years.

—Susan B. Anthony rejoices that the sex are getting their rights in Canada, as the authorities have ordered the construction of a jail for the exclusive use of women.

—Boston graciously vouchsafes the decision that Nilsson *can* sing, so that the question may be regarded as settled.

How grateful Nilsson must feel towards the Hub.

—The Troy *Press* says of Dr. Holland's article concerning sex and wages:

"Greater nonsense was never written by a man pretending to be liberal. In all this question he has never uttered a generous word or had one generous thought."

—Garnett, in Anderson county, Kansas, is to have a female dentist soon—Mrs. Lucy H. Taylor.

We do not envy her the work she will have to perform on the tobacco-and-whiskey-defiled mouths of men.

—The *North American* says Olive Logan's lecture on Monday evening, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, was much the best effort she has yet made upon the platform as a public lecturer.

—The pleasant notice, which appeared in the *Tribune*, of Miss Kate Fields' lecture on Charles Dickens, recently delivered in the Globe theatre, Boston, was made by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.

—Miss Sessions, of Ohio, hearing a noise at her bed-room window, rose and discovered a ferocious burglar. With rare presence of mind she clapped her hands, ejaculating "scat, you devil," and the ruffian fled.

—Mr. Beecher has invented a new term for the carpers who think women, by engaging in business, are going to turn into hybrids. It is "dewomanization." He says so dreadful a thing ought to have a dreadful name.

—We understand that Judge C. B. Waite, of Chicago, Mrs. Hazlett, of Michigan, and Miss Susan B. Anthony, of New York, are all to be at the meeting of the North-western Women's Suffrage Meeting at Detroit.

—Miss Kate Stanton is studying law in Providence, R. I., her native State, and let us say she will be an honor to the profession. She is also a splendid elocutionist, and will be in the lecture-field in a few months.

—"Rosa Bonheur says when she comes to the United States she will go to Buffalo to paint that animal, believing it is numerous in that locality."

Perhaps she may be induced to first bestow her artistic attention on the bulls and bears of our own city.

—Here is a fact as beautiful as apples of gold in pictures of silver. God bless the Christian women of Chicago:

"The Christian ladies of Chicago have reformed and provided situations for two thousand three hundred and fifty abandoned females during the past year."

—The Indiana newspapers, it is said, now publish regular reports of the state of the Divorce Market, something in this way: "Common separation, $45; small alimony, $25; large alimony, $50 to $500; general business, good and encouraging," &c., &c.

—Miss Edgarton's lecture on "Marriage," was listened to at Norwich, Conn., by nine hundred auditors, one hundred and seventy-five of whom had been separated from their spouses by legal process.

We should like to know how the extraordinary fact contained in the last clause of the above paragraph was ascertained.

—The *Pioneer*, Mrs. Emily Pitts Stevens' paper, says:

"The great need of the country at the present time, is not so much an influx of population, enlarged agriculture, increased commerce, more stringent laws to prevent foreign emigration, more banking capital, cheaper money, more newspaper fairness, or telegraphic honesty, but more attentive, respectful, considerate and devoted husbands."

—"A division of the 'Sons of Temperance' in New Brunswick, N. J., has elected a young lady 'Worthy Patriarch."

We should hardly think the term patriarch appropriate in this case, especially when applied to a young lady. If wisdom is, under all circumstances, supposed to be old, would not matriarch do better?

—A writer in the Chicago *Republican* says:

"I have always had a fancy, in view of the hardships of woman's lot, that the angels weep whenever a female soul descends to earth."

Yes, but they smile again when the same soul, tried and purified, ascends back to heaven!

—The following comes from the lady editor of the *Sunday Dispatch*:

"We stopped at the door of the throne-room of a once notorious prostitute and panderer, known as the Queen of Bedford street! She is now reformed (?)—that is, she does nothing worse, so far as Mr. Long knows, than to sell liquor to the fallen women who make her palace their headquarters. She is a giantess in stature, has a good-natured face, and is worth some $25,000.

"Fallen women gathered about us, and in moving terms besought us to take them from that wretched neighborhood. Degraded, loathsome, with blackened eyes and swollen faces, they still apparently, in a degree, realized their degradation, and had aspirations for a better life! All people who have taken an interest in women so low as these will bear testimony that reformation with them is simply impossible. The fact is a cruel one, yet we are forced to believe it a fact, nevertheless, that no associations or influence which can be brought to bear upon women who have added drunkenness to prostitution can permanently win them back to virtue and a pure life."

We should be sorry to find ourselves obliged to subscribe to the above opinion. We cannot believe that the possibility of reform is ever wholly annulled for any human soul. Society has yet to discover how the most hardened of its sinners can be redeemed, and led back to better lives.

—Socrates some two thousand years or more ago said of a woman whom he observed with pleasure, "This young girl has confirmed me in the opinion I have had for a long time, that the female sex are nothing inferior to ours, excepting only in strength of body or perhaps in steadiness of judgment."

There are multitudes of men belonging to our own day whose ideas on this subject have not caught up with those of the grand old heathen philosopher.

—At a republican mass meeting in Vineland, N. J., one of the speakers, in congratulating his party on having settled the negro question, goes on to say: This question settled, *there is nothing now in the way* of attending to the great interests of the country, and alludes to tariff, utterly ignoring the millions of women both white and black who are waiting to be admitted to the councils of the nation.

—It is hardly with pleasure that we hear of Jenny Lind's proposed visit to the United States in the character of a singer. The early glory of her voice is gone. To sing again, and with less sweetness, to the same ears that heard her years ago would be to disenchant her early listeners. Let her not attempt it. But if she comes as a guest, not as an artist, we will all throw flowers of welcome at her feet.

—Somebody says, in reference to what the *Tribune* urges concerning the establishment of a training school for nurses here in New York, that a better plan would be to teach people how to avoid disease. Unfortunately it may require a few centuries to inculcate these lessons so thoroughly that sickness shall be banished from the earth, and in the meantime the institution would find an ample field. We see no signs that its occupation will be gone much before the millennium.

—It is rather amusing to see T. W. H. writing in the *Woman's Journal* that the only province of that paper is to discuss "woman's suffrage," not "the best system of education, or of labor, or of marriage;" and then to notice that T. W. H's. articles usually stand side by side with Mrs. Celia Burleigh's letters, which are generally on every other subject except woman's suffrage! We cannot help smiling at Celia's and Thomas' little disagreement as to "sticking to the point."

—The pleasant face of Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker shone in upon the occupants of THE REVOLUTION office a few days since. She has just returned from an extensive tour in the West, for rest and recreation, having journeyed as far as Lawrence, Kansas, and visited many intervening towns and cities. She returns in a few days to her own beautiful home in Hartford, there to carry out a movement already inaugurated, which shall scatter light and knowledge on the woman question all over the State of Connecticut.

—Miss Emily Faithfull, our valuable English correspondent, writes us that owing to her numerous engagements to lecture in aid of the sick and wounded in the continental war now raging, she has not been able to supply THE REVOLUTION with news from the English workers as regularly as she could have wished. Much as Miss Faithfull's communications increase the interest of our paper, we can pardon her for the intermittent supply on account of the work she is doing for humanity. Miss Faithfull's presence is in great demand, as she is the only prominent lady lecturer in England.

HOW ONE WOMAN IS MARRIED INTO THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.—The Wyoming *Tribune*, published at Cheyenne, tells the following story about one woman's vote, given at the late election in Wyoming Territory:

"It is quite true that Mrs. Howe, the wife of a United States Marshal, supposed to be Republican, who temporarily holds that office until his successor can be selected and confirmed, voted the straight Democratic ticket, in order, we suppose, to manifest her appreciation of President Grant's administration, from which her husband derives his bread and butter."

—The following comes to us from Chariton, Iowa, and is a noticeable instance of the "stepping out" of which the *Democrat* complains:

"A widow lady named Boyer, who lives in the northeastern part of town, has been down with typhoid fever for a number of weeks, during which time her three daughters—the oldest being sixteen years of age—have dug a good convenient cellar under their house, walled it properly with boards, and done it, too, without outside assistance. They have also dug half an acre of potatoes, turnips, and other vegetables, and placed them in that cellar for winter."

— A large and enthsiastic international anti-war meeting was held on Saturday evening, November 19th, at Cooper Institute. The assembly was addressed by a number of prominent French and German citizens, all of whom, to a man, proclaimed themselves in favor of woman suffrage. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the occasion was a spirited speech by Mrs. Lillie Devereaux Blake, which was warmly applauded. We hope at some future time to lay the whole or a portion of Mrs. Blake's address before our readers.

—"Thirty-two young ladies of Tipton, Indiana, recently met in council and passed the following resolution: 'That we will not accompany any young man to church or places of amusement, who uses tobacco in any manner, and that we will discard all young men who play billiards, euchre, or poker; and that young men who indulge in profane language need not apply; and that we will not, by hook, look, or crook, notice any young man who indulges in lager beer or whisky; and that we will not harbor young men known to keep late hours."

Here is a society likely to bring to pass what one of our contributors recently proposed, in the fitting of young men for marriage. After a few years of this kind of discipline, the marriageable men of Tipton will be worth having.

—At Ravenna, Ohio, the other day, a remarkable marriage ceremony was performed. The bridegroom's name was Walter Pierce, and in a paper he had drawn up he agreed to accord to the woman "equal rights' socially, religiously, and politically," with himself. In return, the lady said: "I take Walter Pierce, whom I now hold by the hand, and whom I intelligently, religiously, and spiritually love, to be my companion through life; and I agree not to usurp over or transcend him in any particular." Then they both said: "By this voluntary and premeditated act, in your presence, we declare ourselves religiously, philosophically, and scientifically married." Then the Mayor declared them married.

If Walter Pierce sticks to what he promised in the above contract, we think Mrs Pierce will be a very fortunate woman.

—We find the following in the *Sun*, under the title of "The Fordham Style of Marriage:"

Benjamin Westervelt, who has for some time past been engaged to Harriet, daughter of Stewart Baker of Fordham, suddenly determined at noon last Tuesday to get married. He was at the time working at the polls, and leaving without saying anything to any one, he persuaded Miss Baker to accompany him to Harlem, where they were married by the Rev. Mr. Washburne. They returned to Fordham at 4 o'clock. Benjamin continued to work at the polls until they were closed, and then rejoined his wife.

This was not exactly the right thing in Benjamin, for he ought to have taken his wife with him to the polls.

—"Miss Sara E. Russell, city editor of the *Palladium*, begs the Typographical Union to admit lady compositors, which is the most foolish thing Miss Russell ever did. It would be the greatest curse which could happen to the lady compositors.'"

We would simply inquire why? Would the lady compositors injure the men, or would the harm come from the other side. The latter supposition proving correct, what must be the condition of the Typographical Union! Women have been allowed to join these organizations in other parts of the country, and we have never heard of any moral earthquake ensuing therefrom.

—We, this week, offer our readers a letter from Miss. Mary Safford, a young lady who is now studying in the hospitals in Vienna. Miss Safford is one of the most earnest advocates for the cause of woman. During the rebellion she won the reverence of all who knew her by her heroic devotion to the service of the sick and wounded. It is not known, perhaps, that Miss Safford was the first woman nurse in the West who proffered her services to Grant. She began at Cairo at the very outset, collected stores, and went forward to the battle-fields. She had charge of various hospitals, and labored incessantly until failing health obliged her to relinquish the work and seek rest and renewed strength in Europe.

—We find it stated in several English papers that there is a public house in Birmingham where married women in respectable circumstances meet every morning to drink, and not unfrequently get intoxicated. A few days ago, we are told, one of these matutinal orgies culminated in a most disgraceful and disgusting scene. Respectably-dressed women were seen helplessly intoxicated, reeling, screaming and laughing in a most hideous and insane manner. This looks very badly for the manners and morals of Birmingham.

If the matrons of Birmingham indulge in orgies such as described above, they have certainly ceased to be respectable. We cannot believe in the truth of this report; and think it must have originated in the fertile brain of a newspaper correspondent who wished to add some high seasoning to his budget of gossip.

—Various strictures have been made upon the rich and expensive dress of Anna Dickinson; but we cannot help taking up the cudgels for our glorious Anna when we hear her ornaments and "fixin's" made the subject of grave criticism. Undoubtedly, she does like beautiful and costly clothing, but we are not prepared to say that this is a serious crime. Mr. Charles Dickens was fond of flashy waistcoats and neckties, and wore a marvelous complication of watch-chains, and yet nobody ever thought he was any the less a philanthropist for so indulging his private and individual fancies. We confess frankly that we do not like trains. They are uncleanly, dragging nuisances; but if they can be tolerated anywhere, it is on the platform, where they do not get under people's feet.

—THE REVOLUTION office was recently favored with a visit from Mrs. Laura C. Holloway, one of the most zealous young advocates of the rights of woman, and a lady largely associated with the press, as writer and reporter. Mrs. Holloway is a native of the South; and the position she has taken in this great reform movement is all the more commendable, considering the prejudices which surrounded her early years. She has a story to tell which elicits sympathy and admiration, when taken in connection with the heroic manner she has discharged all the heavy duties laid upon her slender young shoulders. Mrs. Holloway is thoroughly in earnest in her desire to assist needy and destitute Southern women. She is a prominent and active member of the Southern Woman's Bureau, an institution based on the best principle of charity, *i. e.*, that which helps the poor to help themselves. We hope hereafter to make our readers more fully acquainted with the aims and objects of this excellent organization.

—All is not fair in love. Some very foul work was recently done by Mrs. S. Fair, of San Francisco, in killing Mr. Crittenden in the presence of his wife and children for alleged desertion. It appears that a criminal relation had for some time existed between Mr. Crittenden and herself, and the former wishing to break it off, the desperate woman took this terrible mode of vengeance. We hope the time will come when the records of our criminal courts will cease to be crowded with such instances. Nothing can excuse the crime of murder but the most strenuous necessity for self-defence. The actress in this terrible tragedy in real life is an object worthy of the deepest commiseration. Fair fame and self-respect gone, nothing seemed left for her but to crown her evil life with this terrible melodramatic deed of blood, for which she must suffer the last punishment, or live branded with the name of murderess.

— The proprietors of THE REVOLUTION have agreed that any person now subscribing, and sending the two dollars to our office, shall have the paper free to the end of the year, and the subscription shall hold good for the whole of next year—thus doing what King Agis of Sparta once did: that is, making the year thirteen months. We may mention, also, that THE REVOLUTION for the next year will be a great deal better than it ever was before. Mrs. Bullard, who last week went to England, will engage a number of the best writers of that country to contribute to our columns. There are certain people whom we know who are determined that if there is only one good paper in the United States, that one shall be THE REVOLUTION. But we want the help of all our friends in extending our subscription list. THE REVOLUTION now goes east, west, north, and south; but we want it to go likewise to all the places between. Dear friends, please help a few earnest women to make this one of the best of journals!

—The *Tribune* makes itself merry over one Stephen Kelley, who hails from Iowa Mills, and whom it dubs the "Laureate of the Ladies." Like the celebrated Mr. Wegg Stephens "drops into poetry" in defence of the sex, he cannot be considered strong on orthography; but we are rather proud of him as a great, unconscious, comic poet. Stephens' device for gaining universal suffrage is novel. We must, however, take exception to the infantry practice he proposes, as we think it would be bad for the babies. Hear him upon this head:

"If to gaine your uneversle suferige
A war you have to wage
Let one and all of you hand and heart
In it ingage.
Place your child upon your Breast;
Use it as a shield.
Buckle on your armor and hasten to the battle-field;
And when the bloodthirsty foe such inosense with
you dos see,
Parolised he will be,
And while he is gaping at you
With dismay and surprise,
Elevate your iron and shoot him between the Eyes.

Our Mail Bag.

THE SITUATION AT THE CAPITAL.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 14, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Miracles have been worked here within the past year, and a few noble, earnest working-women banded together in a common cause, have literally turned public sentiment "upside down." The city press, once so full of ridicule at the idea of woman suffrage, are now eager to help along the cause. This change must be attributed to a change in the sentiments of the reading public, and not in the convictions of the conductors of the press, for it is a notorious fact that we have no *independent editors* in Washington. They are followers, not creators, of public opinion. I can prove this allegation at any time if necessary, but at present have other objects in view, and other facts to present to your readers, concerning the situation and condition of the woman question here.

Mrs. Stanton's lecture on "Marriage and Divorce," the 17th ult., under the auspices of the "Universal Franchise Association," called out a fair and appreciative audience, and no doubt opened the eyes of many that were blinded by prejudice to the issue involved in her subject. Her masterly arguments are unanswerable, and the zeal displayed by this Socrates of the sex seems to have fired up her timid sisters to a condition of offensive warfare against laws that make a husband and wife one, and that one the husband.

The Sherman-Dahlgren Anti-Woman Suffrage Society has come to grief. "Where there is no wood the fire goeth out." Having no cause, and no real object in view, the promoters of the aforesaid movement retired from public view after a few guerilla attacks upon Congress and the forty thousand signers of the petition praying for the passage of the sixteenth amendment. It was a presumptuous step for the wives of officers to take, inasmuch as the latter are prohibited by the articles of war from taking part in the political affairs of the country. Mesdames Sherman and Dahlgren confessed themselves satisfied with their lot, and well they might be, with husbands supported from the public treasury to the tune of eighteen thousand dollars per year. Their circumstances are quite different from the masses of our sex, especially from that of the tens of thousands of widows, the bravery of whose dead husbands made the fame of these military chieftains. Opposition from such sources is not surprising, since there is little or no sympathy between "we of the army and navy" and the people. Officers' wives court official favor for their husbands, and only *unbosom* themselves at presidential receptions in the presence of congressmen. Even that princess of correspondents, M. C. A., who last spring with her pen exterminated Red Cloud and the Indian race generally, confessed surprise, even to blushing, at the exposé made at these gatherings of shoddy and official aristocracy.

A NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

has been incorporated in this city, under an act of Congress providing for the creation of corporate bodies in this district, and the board of directors propose to give women the same privileges and opportunities of acquiring a professional education as are granted to men. The law department is already in operation under the management of able professors.

What appears a little odd in this movement is that the name of Rev. Dr. Boynton, late chaplain of the House of Representatives, should be found in the list of directors. Little less than one year ago this reverend gentleman delivered a series of Sunday sermons, so to call them, on the woman question, with a view of nipping the ungodly movement in the bud. The Rev. Dr. declared, "We cannot consent that American women should transform themselves into a nondescript, which man will neither fear, nor respect, nor love. We cannot consent that our female friends, sisters, daughters, mothers or wives, by wearing either the bodily or *mental* garments of manhood should make themselves abominations in the sight of the Lord." The Rev. Dr.'s pious zeal waxed still warmer towards the close of his discourse, and the real secret of his opposition was summed up in a few words. I have listened to arguments from political demagogues, but have never heard such shallow reasoning, even from political tyros.

The political effect of the ballot for women the Rev. Dr. declared "would be to double the Catholic vote, now about eight hundred thousand, and every one of them would be cast under the direction of Romish Jesuits against our protestant institutions. It would also double the colored vote of the country eight hundred and fifty thousand. How far is it safe," he asked, "to add this mass of voters to the ignorance which has lately been enfranchised? It is safe to say that ignorance and vice would be doubly represented, not only in our large cities, but in the whole Republic." If the Rev. Dr.'s fears are founded upon a correct view of the present situation, why not disfranchise this dangerous element, even though they be men? Is destruction any the less destructive because worked by men? But the would-be follower of Bushnell forgets that we have three millions of women in this Republic, who are to-day equal in intelligence to the average of white protestant male voters.

It is a notorious fact, too, and one worthy to be remembered, that the black women of the South are superior in intelligence, and quicker in comprehension, than their black brothers.

That the Rev. gentleman has not changed his views, I am not certain; but that he has *not* changed his contemptible arguments for sensible objections I am sure. One thing is noticeable in men of his calibre: they possess shrewdness, at least, and are always found on the side of a question where dwelleth the paying members of their congregations. Such being the rule, I am prepared to hear that the Dr. will in time apply for a professorship or may be a chaplaincy in the "National University," which is to know no sex in imparting knowledge to students.

The second lecture of the Universal Franchise Association course, delivered the 3d inst., by Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby, P. M.—Subject: "The struggles of a Conservative with the Woman Question"—drew a fair audience, considering that the majority of the lecture-going people had gone home to vote, and that Washingtonians are not noted for their liberality either of purse or ideas. I mean that part of the present population domiciled here before the rebellion. The changes that have taken place within the last ten years seem as a dream to them, and the good old days when the lash was the agent corrective in every household is often cited as proof that these are evil times.

The third lecture of the course above mentioned will be given by that priestess of the cause of woman, Susan B. Anthony, December 8th. Every effort will be put forth to give her a full house. "Dogmas and Democracy" is to be her subject. The fertile genius and ready language of Miss Anthony will no doubt find much in her political theme which progress has buried, and much in the present that should be set aside as incompatible with the spirit of the age.

In my next I may give an insight into the workings of the National University—how it sprang into life, Minerva-like, ready for action; its future prospects; who are its friends, and who are its foes.

SIBYL.

WOMAN'S WRONGS IN RUSSIA.

VIENNA, October 28, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Having just read in your journal how the daughters of Russia are disposed of, I will relate to you an incident told me by a Russian lady living in Saint Petersburgh, whose acquaintance I have had the pleasure to make while here. She occupies a position in Russia which has given her the opportunity to know much of this terrible marriage system, and of the heart-burnings and struggles of women to become educated and self-reliant. I shall tell you the story as it was told me. If it were a stray leaf from the sixteenth century, it would seem more a fact than to have happened at the zenith of the nineteenth century:

"My door bell rang," said Madam S. "and the servant showed into my room a young girl with a slight figure, and a pale, excited expression of face, with deep, dark eyes that told of her longings even before she spoke. She said: 'You will pardon my coming to you, a stranger, but I know you have done much for women, and you will listen to my story, if you cannot help me. My parents are wealthy, my dowry is already announced, and suitors are not wanting to take me for the sake of my money; but I abominate them. I have a hope, a desire, an aim to achieve, which only can pacify my restless spirit, and make me happy, and render life worthy of living. I wish to study physics;' and then she added with energy, 'to master them, and to become a professor.'

"I thought," said Madam S., "that it was a wild, childish fancy, and that she illy comprehended the scope of her aims; but the longer I conversed with her the more I became convinced that she was worthy to make the effort, and I proposed visiting her parents to reason with them upon the subject."

"She said: 'It is of no use; I have pleaded, I have begged, I have asked for private teachers, but they say I am insane, or if not, that if I persist in studying subjects that are only suited to the minds of men—if I so unsex myself—that I shall only bring sorrow and disgrace into their home.'

"Madam S. believed that she had magnified their prejudices, and went to see them; but alas! it was all too true; they were truly an afflicted family, for they could only see ruin staring their daughter in the face, and could not, and would not, yield to her entreaties. Every plan was devised by Madam S. to rescue the girl. She related the facts to a party of friends gathered at her house one evening, and a young man who was present said: 'I will marry the girl; she shal receive her marriage-portion, and use it to educate herself as she wishes; she shall understand that I lay no obligations upon her as wife. I will ask no love, and promise none in return. I will merely rescue her, and place her in a position to act for herself.'

"The young man was presented to the family, and, of course, their joy knew no bounds that their daughter would accept him as her husband. The marriage ceremony was performed, and the wedded pair left immedialely for Germany, where the lady entered a university, and has ever since, now ten years, pursued

her studies uninterruptedly, and has already taken the rank of a mathematician of great power.' 'And' said a third party who listened to the story, 'she will, doubtless, in the end, love and live with the man who proved himself so noble, and that would make the romance complete.'"

Madame S. told me that many of her young lady friends said, at the marriage, "I wish a plurality of wives were allowable, so that this young man could at the same time prove a saviour to us."

She related to me another incident where a daughter in a family of fortune and fame has been incarcerated in a convent for life because of her refusal to marry and her desire to prepare herself for a profession.

Now the Russian women have brighter hopes for the future than any in Europe. Gymnastic schools have been established for them where they can receive an education equally thorough with that of men; and when the foundation of a structure is laid, the way will soon open for its completion. Not long since a lady came to ask my advice in regard to a young girl who has a great desire to study medicine.

I said: "First educate her thoroughly; give her the same course of study mapped out for a boy."

"But where can I send her?" she said.

Yes, that was the question—where? Not a gymnasium, a high-school for girls in this empire; but the necessity for one or for many is being felt, and the subject is being discussed, and there is a hope and prospect that Vienna will not add another to her already ripe years before one is established here.

I have had the pleasure of a call this evening from Mr. and Mrs. Dogget, of Chicago. Although I had never met them before, it was like meeting with old friends, so many interests in common, and so much of interest to talk about. They are on their way to Italy, and thence to Egypt and the Holy Land for the winter. Yours etc., MARY SAFFORD.

MRS. WRIGHT'S VISIT TO MRS. STANTON.

[We are indebted to Miss Susan B. Anthony for a copy of part of a letter from Mrs. Martha C. Wright to Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, as follows. ED. REVOLUTION.]

ROXBURY, November 1st, 1870.

My dear Mrs. Stanton: No doubt a letter will reach you somewhere, so I will venture to send a few lines to tell you how pleasant it has been to remember and talk together about your pleasant home, and of our lovely visit. There seemed a thousand things to say during those few hurried last minutes.

Thanks to Mrs. Stanton's polite attention, we were in good time at the other ferry.

* * * * * *

The *Nation* alludes, with its usual discrimination and amiability, to our convention, mistaking the mere reading of Mrs. Meriman's letter for the decided action of the convention, and characterizes its members as "reformatory geese!" "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," is not one of the *Nation's* rules.

I have not yet met any of "the other side;" but some who have assure me that there is not the remotest chance of their ever consenting to put away mere personal differences for the general good. That has been shown plainly enough all along. I am not sure that we do not compromise ourselves in any effort to conciliate. Though appointed on a committee of conference in November, I do not think I shall go. I see by the last *Journal* that Cleveland is to be the place, Nov. 22nd and 23rd.

Did you notice in the New York *Tribune* of Oct. 19th this truism? "The right of suffrage is the foundation and guarantee of all other rights. To be deprived of it without reason may well be deemed intolerable oppression." Of course this only applied to men. Such being the case, I hope your demand for suffrage will be none the less vehement or persistent because of the evils that most demand your sympathy; for they will inevitably continue, so long as women are a degraded class, by reason of that deprivation.

I sometimes look over the law books that come in my way to see if there is anything specially interesting to *us*. I forget whether I ever sent you the enclosed extracts from Wallace's Reports, which I had with me to show you in New York.

With love to all your household, and a large share for yourself and Miss Anthony,

Aff'y your friend, M. C. WRIGHT.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN "IRREPRESSIBLES."

VINELAND, NEW JERSEY.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

We have in Vineland many persons who believe in the abstract principle of woman suffrage. And while we, in a very quiet, diffident, hesitating manner, say we think taxation and representation should go hand in hand; that we sometimes think women are a part of the people, and perhaps ought to have a voice in making the laws by which they are governed, they are quite in sympathy with us, can give us an approving smile, and call us very sensible women. But when we go to work as persistently as a hungry child cries for bread, determined we will not cease to ask until justice is done us, then we are called "the Irrepressibles." I accept the name, only hoping I may prove myself worthy of it in so great a cause. Notwithstanding our editors refused to publish the article entitled "One of the Minority," which appeared in your paper of Nov. 3d, while they did publish articles conveying the idea to many friends of the cause that the women would not go to the polls; notwithstanding the Republican party, whose nominee for assemblyman was generally acknowledged to be an opponent to woman suffrage—whatever he may say on the eve of election—circulated a story that they had persuaded the women to stay away from the polls lest it might interfere with his election; notwithstanding friends of the cause who had said they feared if we did not poll as large a number of votes as we had done before, it would hurt our cause, themselves reduced the number, by staying away and inducing others to stay away; with all these drawbacks we had a pleasant gathering of friends throughout the day, and polled one hundred and thirty-seven votes. It was by far the most exciting election the women of Vineland have ever attended, and we think the gentlemanly deportment of men throughout the day must be accounted for, in some measure at least, by the presence of women. One pleasant fact we noticed, viz., the men eat apples and candy instead of smoking cigars. So much for the "Irrepressibles" of Vineland. May they remain true to their names until the National Congress, by passing a XVI amendment, shall give us in fact, what we have yet only in name, a republican government. Such is the earnest desire of

Yours truly, SUSAN P. FOWLER.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

The cultivation of roses is perhaps as pleasant as well as profitable, (perhaps equal to fruit in either case.) The writer has seen them grown to some extent in the vicinity of the birth-place of Florence Nightingale, but the country round Adrianople, in Turkey, is the most famous locality for the rose crop. Perhaps the light sandy loam, with an average temperature of 60 or thereabouts, are among the suitable conditions for its most successful cultivation. The old damask, or cabbage rose, is the only kind suitable for the purpose of extracting oil or attar of roses. The gathering the petals commences about April 20th, and continues until the middle of June. In the district alluded to there are seven thousand acres, yielding about $100,000 worth of oil, and giving light, healthy and pleasant employment to the young persons of both sexes for miles around.

In a cool showery season there is usually an abundant and longer harvest. On the contrary, a very hot and dry season the crop is usually light, and less productive of oil. The rose harvest is a very pleasant and joyous time, the air loaded with the fragrance; and the villagers of Bulgaria, noted for their love of song and dance, make quite a festivity of it, so that those who have visited the rose-fields or traveled past them in the picking season will remember it with pleasure. When a suitable climate and soil can be had at a reasonable rate, say $10 per acre, as at the Medway estate, in Eastern Georgia, near Savannah, (and now in course of settlement,) I see no reason to doubt that the cultivation of roses may be made very profitable.

Other plants are valuable for their extracts, as lavender, rosemary, thyme, chamomiles, etc. I shall point out a list of half-hardy greenhouse plants, which can be cultivated in the open air at Medway, in my next; thus saving the use of sashes and coal, and still be ahead of those grown here; also the various small fruits adapted to that soil and climate, as also the early vegetables for Savannah and the New York market. J. W. GREGORY.

"A strong-minded young lady, of Corydon, Ind., who was set upon by a scoundrel while on her way home, a few evenings since, demonstrated her right to the franchise by striking out one of his eyes with her parasol."

We cannot understand how the franchise has anything to do with the above story, while we do heartily commend the woman who had readiness and pluck enough to defend herself against one of those infamous male prowlers, who render our city streets and country roads dangerous for the passage of unguarded women quietly going about their business. If the laws of the land are powerless to protect them, they must learn to protect themselves.

Miss Ella Ruston is the name of a beautiful girl in Boone county, Indiana, who sold her beautiful hair to defray her sister's school expenses.

It is not a large amount (two dollars), but it will buy THE REVOLUTION for a year; and now is the time to subscribe.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 24, 1870.

SHALL WE GO A SOLITARY PATH?

Two cannot walk together except they be agreed.

Heretofore, in favoring a union of the two national societies for woman's enfranchisement, THE REVOLUTION has acted on the theory that both were equally faithful to the woman's movement.

But late utterances in *The Woman's Journal* and elsewhere notify us of the painful fact that the Boston managers of the American Woman Suffrage Association have abandoned nine-tenths of the woman question, and are devoting themselves only to the other one-tenth; in other words, have surrendered the most vital or social phase of the reform to its more superficial or political. Their plan of campaign is to cut off all "side issues" and to "stick to the one point:"—the "side issues" being such trifles as wages, education, property, marriage, and divorce; and the "one point" being the ballot.

This is like abandoning one's self to the spoon at breakfast, and forgetting the coffee, sugar, and milk which it is to stir up.

The recent Boston departure from the early and time-immemorial method of the woman's rights agitation has excited the marvel and regret of the old-fashioned workers like Mrs. Lucretia Mott, who says, "If the Boston society and *Journal* propose thus to limit our demand, I know to what side *I* belong."

And, we may add, so will every one else whose interest in this movement has taken any deeper root than in the surface.

While THE REVOLUTION is going to press this week, the American Woman Suffrage Association is on its way to Cleveland;—its purpose being to revisit the place of its birth; to settle whether it will then devote itself to "mint, anise and cummin" to the neglect of the "weightier matters of the law;" and also to consider whether it will, or will not, unite with the Union Woman's Suffrage Society.

This proposed union we have long regarded as a measure of wisdom, prudence, and good will. Enthusiastically have we toiled for its success. But we have always predicated our efforts on the supposed similarity of the objects and methods of the two associations. If, however, we had been earlier informed by Mrs. Livermore, Mr. Higginson, and Mr. George W. Curtis that the society which they are now leading backward toward the middle ages could not permit Mrs. Stanton to stand on its platform and deliver such an utterance as her recent lecture on "Marriage and Divorce," or any other word of hers germane to the woman's movement, we would not have put forth our little effort to bring the two bodies together.

Let us now say, at the last moment, that if they cannot be brought together except on the basis of banishing from their platforms and papers the most vital question which it is their duty to discuss, let them remain apart to the end of time! We are willing to make a compromise of our prejudices, but not of our principles. We stand ready, for harmony's sake, to surrender almost every predilection of ours as to the name, constitution, and officers of the Union Woman's Suffrage Society, in order to unite this body with the American Woman Suffrage Association, if such a union can, by such concessions, be made agreeable to our Cleveland friends. But we are not willing, for the sake of such a union, to surrender one syllable, one whisper, or one breath of our free speech on any and every branch of the woman question.

If the recent declarations of *The Woman's Journal* and *Harper's Weekly*, forbidding the introduction of such momentous themes as marriage and divorce into the American Woman Suffrage Association—whose platform is one of the most fitting of all places for their discussion:—if these declarations are to be taken as expressing the wishes of the members of that association—particularly of such members as Mrs. Celia Burleigh, Mrs. Mary A. Davis Mrs. Antoinette Brown Blackwell, Mrs. Mary Ann Johnson, and other representative leaders of long standing:—then we are quite sure that the Union Woman's Suffrage Society, had it been able to foresee this unexpected defection in its twin association, would not have taken the trouble to send to Cleveland any proposition to unite the two organizations.

We are wholly opposed to the Boston attempt to distil our whole great question into a single drop. The woman question is more than a demand for suffrage. Whoever says it is not, is either a new convert, if a woman, or (more ignorant still) is a man. We do not expect men to understand the woman's movement—except some solitary, rare spirit here and there, like John Stuart Mill. Our chief hopes of such clergymen as the Rev. Thomas Higginson is, that when they lend their sacred but clumsy hands to the woman's cause they will not actually mark it with a bruise.

These Bostonians, brought up within the sound of Mr. Garrison's great name, ought to have learned from the anti-slavery enterprise a truer philosophy for this later reform. The abolitionists of the last thirty years, with all their natural and acquired ingenuity of denunciation, never, even after a third of a century of daily practice, could frame an indictment against slavery and its cruelties, which did not base its chief argument on the relations of husbands and wives, or parents and children. Now if the demand for the emancipation of the negro involved, by necessity, an argument from these social relations, the demand for the enfranchisement of woman involves, by a greater necessity, the same argument in a thousand fold greater degree.

But, even if suffrage were woman's chief need on earth, how are we to urge our claims to it except by quoting the wrongs which it is to remedy? Thus, pointing to the grogshops, we declare that they can never be swept from the street corners until woman shall direct her ballot against them; and so, in making our claim for suffrage, we rest one of our arguments on intemperance. Looking at the haggard woman who sings the song of the shirt, we declare that she can never hope for equitable pay until her own ballot, like that of other mechanics, shall (as John Neal said) "add half a dollar a day to her wages;" and so, in claiming suffrage, we deduce another of our arguments from the laborer and her hire. Shuddering at the frenzied Macfarland maltreating his wife, we declare that man's legalized cruelty to woman will never be punished until her ballot shall vote it impossible to the law; and so, in claiming suffrage, we rest another of our arguments on the necessity for divorce. If suffrage were (as it is not) the sum-total of the woman question, its discussion would even then necessarily include all the other and subordinate interests of woman as links of its logical chain of argument, illustration, and appeal.

But, great as suffrage is in itself, it is only a fragment of the reform on which the hopes of woman depend—a reform whose true foundations do not rest on the surface of her citizenship, but in the heart of her womanhood.

We have said before, and we repeat it with renewed emphasis, that the woman question—the very question which the *Woman's Journal* and the American Woman Suffrage Association ought to discuss in all its phases, and which they have no right to evade in any—is a question covering the whole range of woman's needs and demands, woman's rights and wrongs, woman's opportunities and enterprises—including her work, her wages, her property, her education, her physical training, her social status, her political equality, her marriage, and her divorce.

Finally, if we cannot, in arranging the wedding of the two societies, secure to the united organization its rightful dowry of all these questions, we hereby forbid the banns.

OUR HOUSEHOLD QUEEN.

Once while riding along a country road in Maine, we alighted from our sleigh in front of an out-of-the-way cottage—a little, low, weather-stained building, standing bare and unornamented in the midst of a bleak moor—and, on entering to take refuge from the cold, after warming our tingling fingers at the fire on the hearth, we looked up and discovered on the chimney-piece an old and torn but still luminous engraving of Corregio's Madonna della Scala—executed (if we correctly remember) by Toschi—a transcript well known as a masterpiece in art.

The sudden and pleasing impression made upon us by this fine work in so unexpected a place will never be effaced from our mind. We pondered Keat's poetic proverb, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Corregio with his brush, and, after him, Toschi with his graver, wrought out a thing of beauty which has been a perpetual delight to all human eyes that have ever gazed either on the original or the copy. The self-satisfied, arch-looking, motherly Madonna—far more human than divine—sat holding her pretty child in perennial complacency against that dust-powdered chimney-piece; and that sheet of printed paper created a perennial glory in that humble home.

After our brief visit was ended, we went away, saying to ourselves, Why might not every cottage in the country be thus gilded by some ray of genius from the old masters? The cost of that engraving—for the specimen was not an artist proof, but a common print—could not have been more than a few dollars;

and yet that small sum returned to the good woman who dwelt in that house a constant and unsquandered dividend of pleasure both to the eye and the soul.

We recur to this incident for the sake of saying that every woman who in poverty and hardship is compelled to toil for her daily bread, ought, if possible, even if she pinch herself for it, hang some picture on her wall which shall comfort, cheer, and inspire her life.

Now what pictures can more reward a woman's companionship than copies of some of the exquisite conceptions which the old masters have left us of woman's beauty and glory? as for instance, the sweet simplicity of Corregio's Mary? or the substantial queenliness of Titian's? or the half-mystical spirituality of Raphael's? All women owe gratitude to the old painters of the Virgin. Those admirers of the sex which they extolled, and which they sought to render so divine as to be not merely a little lower but a little higher than the angels, have been the best champions that woman has ever had. The brush has done more than the pen to proclaim woman's beauty, to portray her purity, and to celebrate her divinity. The worship of the Virgin is to us, in a religious point of view, a mummery. But there are many pictures of the Virgin—and we have seen them in every gallery of Europe—which, in an artistic sense, are abundantly worthy of the half-worship which they receive. Whatever mischief our mother Mary, considered as a theological personage, has brought unto the world—and, with our Protestant instincts, we will not venture to measure its magnitude—we nevertheless take a profound satisfaction in looking at every act of homage to womanhood which the old masters recorded on their canvas when they attempted to portray the queen of her sex.

Raphael's Sistine Madonna—more than a goddess—has been three hundred years silently at work raising all womankind to a nobler height of honor and dignity in the world's esteem. Who can daily look upon the commonest copy of that maiden mother's heavenly face without inwardly recognizing the high and holy possibilities of woman's nature, and without a manifest renewal of reverence for womanly virtue, purity, and truth!

Let all women, therefore, beautify their houses with these picturesque memorials of an epoch when art was religion, and when the highest womanhood was its most ambitious object of adoration. The old masters have a right to the loving regard of all women who, in these days of woman's enfranchisement, are setting before themselves types and symbols of womanly excellence. We are not superstitious; not Roman Catholic; not given to a vain-glorious praise of our sex; but the old masters have taught us that there is something possible to woman's sex higher and diviner than the highest types of womanhood in our day—an impression of which we are profoundly conscious whenever we gaze at the exquisite features of some medieval Madonna hanging on a household wall.

Let us earnestly suggest to all tasteful housewives who seek to ornament their homes that they should do honor to Raphael, and Titian, and Corregio, in return for the honor that these painters have done to the female sex.

As for ourselves, Protestant though we be, the Virgin of the Sistine Chapel shall always be our household queen.

IF YOUNG MEN, WHY NOT YOUNG WOMEN?

That gallant soldier of politics, Mr. Gratz Brown, who has just been elected Governor of Missouri, had no sooner uttered the speech in which he said that he meant to officer his administration with young men, than he was suddenly waited upon by a delegation of female suffragists, who evidently wanted to know why he would not also employ young women?

And why not? Is not a woman as much of a citizen as a man is? Does Gov. Brown believe in self-government? Is he a true Democrat? Has he any sympathy with progress? Has he looked far enough into the future to know that sooner or later the great issue of American politics will be the enfranchisement of the now disfranchised half of the American people? Mr. Brown has on more than one occasion, in the past, proved himself possessed of the true spirit of radicalism and reform. But the public questions by which statesmen were judged a few years ago, such as emancipation and negro suffrage, have ceased to be tests any longer. We must now apply others. No American politician, for the year 1871, can claim to be a statesman if he ignores the question of woman's suffrage.

Gov. Brown is to be asked by the women of St. Louis to indite, in his message to the legislature, a sympathetic and chivalrous word in favor of woman's enfranchisement. We shall look for it with hope; yes, with something more—with positive expectation.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

We have a certain sort of respect for a monarchy. It makes no distinction in sex. It crowns a king, but also a queen; and one is as royal as the other. The young Duke of Aosta, to whom the Cortes went on Friday last to tender the Spanish throne, will have at least one political equal; and that is, his queen—when he gets her. But the American citizen, who, as he goes to the ballot-box, boasts of his individual sovereignty, and frowns at a monarchic government, has no civil peer among womankind. A woman may be a queen in old, feudal, backward, mediæval Castile, but cannot even be a voter in free, enlightened, and progressive America. The boasted free institutions of the United States are as full of mockery as the proverbial "castles in Spain."

At the Fifth Avenue Conference in April last, the Rev. T. W. Higginson resented, with bristling indignation, the allusion which Mrs. Wilbour made to the American Woman Suffrage Association as "the Boston Society." But in *Harper's Weekly* of Thursday last, Mr. George William Curtis (who was Mr. Higginson's colleague on that occasion) publicly designated the same association by the same phrase—"the Boston Society." We wonder if the reverend colonel will reply as snappishly to Mr. Curtis as he did to Mrs. Wilbour. But perhaps not. Even a military hero would be naturally somewhat less prone to browbeat a man than a woman.

MR. NAST'S FLOGGING.

It was somewhat painful for us to rebuke a clever young fellow like Thomas Nast, as we did a week or two ago, for his caricature of the woman's movement. The rogue deserved all the castigation he received, but did not receive all he deserved. Since then, Gail Hamilton, in the very journal in which Mr. Nast committed his sin, has administered to him his punishment. Our sprightly sister in *Harper's Bazar* thus opens her flagellating discourse:

"'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' said the Lord to Adam.

"'In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children,' said the Lord to Eve.

"'Adam and Eve shall draw in the same yoke,' says Mr. Nast.

"On the whole, the yoke of the Lord is easier and his burden lighter than that of Mr. Nast's.

"For when Mr. Nast's Adam says to his Eve, 'You and I draw in the same yoke,' he does not in the least mean that he will draw in Eve's yoke, but that Eve shall draw in his."

We will not futher quote from the witty good-humored, and overwhelming article in which the poor caricaturist is held up (and by a woman, too!) to the general ridicule of both sexes. Mr. Nast, who has so often helped us to laugh at others, is now in turn laughed at himself. But, like most men, he is not wholly bad. For although he is about the worst draughtsman who ever lived, yet he has so much genuine humor that we forget his unskillful drawing. We hope Gail Hamilton will lay aside her whip. Cruel and unusual punishments are forbidden by statute. We suspect that it is *very* stinging to a man to be slapped in the face by a woman. Dear Gail, once is enough—at least until the poor boy behaves badly again.

PERHAPS THERE IS A REASON.

In another column we print a letter to The Revolution by Mr. S. S. Packard, editor of *Packard's Monthly*. Mr. Packard is an earnest friend of the woman's movement, and is entitled to a hearing in a woman's paper. Much, indeed most, that he says is sensible and to the point; but he is not altogether fair. For instance, he some time ago offered by public advertisement (and it was an excellent advertisement) to give to fifty young ladies, free of cost, a business education at his commercial college in this city. He complains that thus far only ten have accepted the offer, and he apparently is in ill-humor with the other and unknown forty. This seems to us like a minister scolding because people do not attend his church. If Mr. Packard had offered to train fifty young men for the Swedenborgian ministry under Professor Oliver Dyer, he probably would not have had more than ten students.

A WORD TO OUR FRIENDS.

The Revolution Association has voted that any person who will now send us two dollars will receive our paper gratis to the end of the year, and the subscription will be made to cover the whole of next year, from January 1st. In this way a person now subscribing will get The Revolution for thirteen months by paying for twelve. We hope all our customary readers will renew their subscriptions, and will induce their friends also to subscribe.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, the artist, has entirely recovered from her illness.

SOCIAL NEEDS.

We learn with pleasure that the ladies composing the Brooklyn Woman's Club have taken measures to secure rooms for permanent occupation, in *large* measure, to forward the social improvement of the organization. The rooms are in the Mansfield Academy Building, comfortably and tastefully fitted up, and will henceforward become the headquarters and rallying place of the progressive, thoughtful, cultured women of our sister city.

Sorosis, also, the kindred society here in New York, is now agitating the feasibility of taking a similar step, and securing for itself apartments more entirely its own than Delmonico's elegant parlors, where its monthly gatherings are held. We hope this measure may speedily be carried out. Every city and town requires a social centre for women, where they can meet to transact business, to lay out benevolent schemes, to exchange ideas on any and every subject, and be quickened and encouraged by the subtle magnetic influences of the best social intercourse, to which they are, perhaps, more suceptible than men.

The moment women begin to grow mentally, morally, and spiritually, they need the influence of other growing people to help them forward. No creature is so illy adapted to be shut away from sympathetic minds as the woman who finds her nature coming out of its cramp of conventionality and narrowing opinions, and beginning to expand as God intended it should. Thousands of such women are starving for true social intercourse. They find only husks in the posturings of society, so-called, which is the vainest and least enjoyable of all dress-parades, and their one resource is books. But books can never take the place of the human element—the attrition of mind, the interchange of sentiments and opinions, the personal kindness and good-will which is fostered the moment we meet with one who understands our true position. We never can feel towards a dead author as we feel towards a living friend; and those are our friends who forward our truest development.

It often happens that a woman who has come into a larger spiritual insight, and obtained deeper and broader intellectual powers, finds the thin crust of the old surface friendships broken through, and she is alone. Almost every village furnishes one or two examples of women who have outgrown their relations with surrounding people, and look in vain for any true social stimulus in the community in which they live. They have ceased to take an interest in the petty household cares with which their neighbors are eaten up; an education of the conscience has made small gossip and tittle-tattle distasteful; they have outgrown the trivial vanities which absorption in dress engenders, and their loneliness and isolation are most pitiable. And yet these women have in them the elements of the best society.

But it is not alone in small communities that this want is pressing. Thousands of people in cities endure solitude of the mind and soul, although the numerous excitements and outward advantages of city life leave less blank, aching leisure in which the mind may become morbid for want of what it craves.

It is now pretty well understood that the customary means which society adopts for amusement is a sham and a delusion. Men stand in the crush of receptions and parties yawning behind their white kids; women go to be seen, and to be seen alone. A fashionably dressed woman's train—feet of gauze and satin and laces lying upon the floor around her—creates a kind of isolation which effectually cuts her off from any true social communion. Women must dress so that they can be approached before society means much, but a dreary show which effectually bores everybody engaged in it.

There ought now to be a measure set on foot to lop off at least as much of the burden of fashionable attire as stands in the way of forming better social relations. This can be done without any sacrifice of beauty, and with immense increase of comfort and ease.

The present methods of amusement in society have failed for scores of people. It now remains to revive the lost art of conversation. There is no pleasure equal to the interchange of ideas and opinions; and women, in their awakening, sensibly feel this truth. They are learning to think and to talk to a degree before unknown; and the pleasure which they feel in these exercises is novel and relishing.

To repeat what we have before said, women ought everywhere to form social centres. The principle of organization is as yet but feebly understood among our sex, but one day it will assuredly become a great social power. Almost every small town can furnish some woman of liberal mind and culture, who would be willing to open her house one evening in the week to the few who might wish to meet for discussion and conversation. This would become the nucleus of a really good society. We would not exclude men from the social enjoyments of women; for we do not believe in any reform which separates men and women; but we would have these organizations under the control of women. The business life of men is eminently social; whereas, on the other hand, the work of women is to a great degree lonely. The want of united action on the part of the best and wisest women has had its influence in keeping society in the crude and unsatisfactory state it now is in, and the efforts of women will, we believe, secure immense social progress.

REDUNDANT WOMEN.

It is exasperating to have to endure the twaddle, to call it by no harsher name, which the London *Examiner* pours forth. Listen to what it says:

"Redundant women clamor for work, which means money and independence, and say, what are we to do? Do, we answer, that for which you were created—marry. This is the purport of your existence, a fact evidenced as plainly in the unwritten laws of nature as in the pages of revealed truth. Traced to their fundamental source, the neglect of marriage is the cause of half the evils which afflict modern society, and the only effectual cure for "redundant women," "feminine idleness," and all other such ills. What may be the causes which check matrimony at the present day is another question, but the fact remains that the check operates disadvantageously to the welfare of society, and in no point more so than in the surplusage of idle and discontented women. Our authoress (the writer of *The First Duty of Woman*) desires the introduction of women to sources of remunerative labor now monoplized by men, and we have shown that this simply involves the degeneracy and idleness of the latter. In France her pet scheme obtains to some extent, with its inevitable result. Are we to follow the example, or profit by the lesson? We have great respect for first causes, and like to trace things to their foundation. The first duty of woman was defined at a very remote date, in an enactment made in the first year of this world's existence. It runs thus: "I will make him an helpmate for him." The law was subsequently amended by an addition at a later stage in the terms: 'Thy desire shall be to thy husband,' and it has never been repealed by any divine ordinance since that time. The mistaken agitators for the emancipation of woman would break the first clause by making her the antagonist and rival of man instead of his helpmate; and the second, by making him dependent on her aid, according to the unalterable laws of supply and demand. Is it likely they can succeed? For the sake of future generations we are glad to think not."

There is but one device which a certain order of male intellect can invent to meet the wants of millions of women who are clamoring for work and bread, and that is marriage. "Stop your agitating, go and marry," say these astute beings, with a magnificent wave of the hand. As well might they say to the starving, "be filled," to the houseless, "be sheltered," as to say to the surplusage of women here in many of our own States and in England, where there are four or five to every man, "go and marry." Where the census shows, by the incontrovertible logic of figures, that one woman out of every three or four must per force remain husbandless; they would withhold work from her hands, and destroy her hope of independence, because, forsooth, God designed woman for marriage.

It would be almost as kind for these wiseacres to propose a general auto da fe—a sort of Betholomew massacre of redundant women. If there is nobody to marry them, they had better die decently than attempt to find a place under the broad heaven, upheld by the hand of infinite love, to stand and earn an honest livelihood. The thoughtful woman who has struggled and fought for a place to help herself and help others; to fill little hungry mouths, perhaps clamoring for bread, feels her blood boil with indignation when these beings, destitute of any organ called heart, with infinitesimal reasoning powers and total absence of all sense of justice, substantially proclaim that woman was created for lordly man, to be picked up or dropped down at his pleasure; to starve if he will not marry her, and to be plunged into sin and degradation when he chooses to turn his back.

We do not pretend to have the "intimate acquaintance with the designs of the Creator which these philosophers claim for themselves. The duty of marriage is no less incumbent on men than on woman, so far as we can see. What punishment shall be reserved for men who do not marry? Shall all incentives to exertion be taken away? Shall all hope of gaining influence, position, money, and power, be destroyed? How absurd is this proposition; and yet it is no more absurd than the dictum gravely and pompously enunciated that the mass of unmarried women must remain idle, and suffer from penury, with their powers of body and mind rusting away, because, perchance, the husbands which the community where they live cannot furnish may some time miraculously appear upon the scene.

We do not believe there is any universal obligation to marry which devolves upon the whole of society. Marriage is a personal and individual matter—a matter of tastes, feelings, and affections. Undoubtedly the majority of women were born to be married; but we cannot believe that God would have permitted a condition of civilized life, where multitudes of women can by no possibility enter into mar-

riage relations, if he had not intended to secure the average happiness and usefulness of the unwedded minority by other means.

Leaving that part of the field of argument which touches widows and married women who have sickly, shiftless, and dissolute husbands to support, as well as families of children, we offer an indignant protest against the narrow spirit that would, by a strange perversion, shut the door of work and improvement against woman because God created her to be man's helpmate.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

A society of earnest, philanthropic men and women has been formed in Chicago, in imitation of one already in existence in St. Louis, to protest against the infamous system of license and registration already adopted in the latter city.

The people of Chicago, with their usual zeal and foresight, knowing that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, are taking measures to squelch all efforts to saddle upon them this wicked act of legalization in their very inception.

One of the most promising signs of a growing moral sense in this direction is the fact that the *Present Age* newspaper asks for contributions on this subject. It says:

"We earnestly solicit brief, pointed articles upon this subject. We want the evils of the system under consideration, in its influence upon men and women in private life, as well as upon the public, handled "without gloves," so far as relates to its prevalence. Let such contributions be couched in language characterized by the earnestness of sympathy, the tact of delicacy, the brevity of strength. Thus may the public be won to hearken to the consideration of the question freed from the objections commonly urged against its agitation."

The startling fact that there are three thousand prostitutes in Chicago was elicited in a meeting recently held in that city. The proceedings were so interesting—the speeches made covered so much important ground—that we should like to present the report in full; but our limited space only permits us to give a brief extract.

Mrs. Harriet S. Brooks, one of our own valued correspondents, read a paper, from which we clip the following. After quoting from Mr. Lecky, where the prostitute is called the priestess of humanity, she says:

"Mr. Lecky is terribly wrong in imagining that his 'priestess of humanity' is, in any sense, the guardian of virtue. The experience of all countries where she officiates shows the contrary. It is in such countries as France, where she is recognized by the law, that the purity of homes is most unsafe. Rev. Wm. Arthur, an Englishman, whose practical acquaintance with the subject is worth tenfold Mr. Lecky's learned theories and rhetorical imaginations, says, after years of investigation in Paris, Brussels, Rome, Naples, and other cities where the vice prevails to a greater extent than anywhere else, among nominal Christians,—Mr. Arthur says emphatically this:

"'Men once taught to frequent the worst of women, learn to covet and conspire against the best: and the enticement and corruption of innocence ceases to seem a damning blot that would soil their being, and becomes an achievement to be carried out. Wives are not more sacred than daughters. Marriage itself is called on to gloss over the moral deformity, as medicine is to avert the physical pains of license. The number of offences against person and life, which, in England, are traceable to illicit intercourse between the sexes, is appalling. Still more is this the case in France. The instances in which infanticide, suicide, and assassination are the deeds of harlots and their paramours, of seducers and their victims, make a total of sin and woe flowing from one source, which should make any man pause before he shed on that source one ray of respectability. Prostitution is branded and blasted by three distinct laws of nature: by the first, with sterility, appealing to humanity at large, and saying that the Maker of men marks out this as the way to the extinction of the race; by the second, with disease appealing to the physical feelings of the individual, and saying: 'This foul deed is punished by foul torments;' by the third, it is branded with its results of crime. Infanticide, suicide, and murder in many forms springing up as its ravening followers; with a smaller reptile brood of lies and promise-breaking; of jealousy and heart-burning; of low, occult deeds, sparing naught of human *arcana*, not even the unborn. Where the prostitute sits, either in the temple of religion as in heathen countries, or in the temple of law as in Christian ones, a serious decay of the moral sentiment, in both men and women, is inevitable!'

I do not believe in this great difference of natural laws between the sexes; I do not believe that nature or God ever made such a human monster as Brigham Young. I believe that for every violation of natural laws nature will avenge herself seven-fold. If the true history of Young's life could be written,—how many children had been born to the monster; how many had died; how many had lived to inherit the beastly propensities of the father; and how many of his daughters may become inmates of brothels in time to come;—it would, to the thoughtful of the community, be conclusive evidence how nature avenges the violation of her laws; how, in scripture phrase, the sins of the father are visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation. As to this law of hereditary descent, it is well known that parental qualities rarely descend in a straight line from father to son. They go zigzaging on through generations, from father to daughter, from mother to son. May it not result that, if in one generation the fathers arrogate this "privilege" to themselves, the daughters of the next generation may do the same thing?"

A MISSOURI ROMANCE.

A REPENTANT MAGDALEN AND A HEARTLESS PARENT.

Illustrative of the tireless hunting down of poor girls who would return to the paths of virtue, if it were not for the inexorable edict of society against their reformation, the facts of a case in this city were given recently, which are a melancholy commentary on the disposition of some parents to inhumanity toward daughters who have sinned, and shows how entirely the example of the Saviour is ignored in these days. A girl returned home after an absence of some two months, having left in consequence of a quarrel with her father. At twilight the poor thing, in tatters and rags, knocked timidly at her father's door. On being bidden to enter, she opened the door, and beheld the happy home circle—father, mother, brothers, and sisters—gathered around the table; her mother sewing, little thinking perhaps that the lost darling of her youthful motherhood was there when the soft rap was heard. The sight was too much for the poor girl, and burying her tearful face in her hands, she cried, "Oh, father, let me come home." What did he do, this stoical and heartless old man? Instead of taking the erring and repentant child again to his bosom with a father's true forgiveness, he drove her out into the night, into the cruel world, and slammed the door upon her, with a malediction about "strumpets." The distressed and heart-broken girl made her way to the cabin of a poor colored woman whom she knew. Strong in her determination to reform, she remained with her old colored friend till the latter made known the facts of her case to a good lady, (the world is not wholly devoid of angels!) who procured the struggling girl a place to work, so that she could earn an honest living, where she yet remains, with increasing firmness to lead a pure life. How can that father hope for atonement in the great day of atonement?—*St. Joseph Herald.*

The above is a telling commentary upon the doctrine recently enunciated by Gail Hamilton, that whatever the crimes and misdemeanors of the child, the parent has no moral right to cast her off. More and more is it coming to be understood that parents are responsible for what their children become; and in the light of this growing conviction, a crime such as was committed by the cruel father, in the appended story, shows peculiarly black and forbidding. Added to the terrible sin of unforgiveness, against which Christ utters his severest denunciations, is the fact that in nine cases out of ten the unbridled passions, evil propensities and undisciplined instincts of the parents find active expression in the child. Under such circumstances, the father's curse falls back upon his own head with crushing weight.

WOMEN AND IDIOTS.

Jean Paul remarked when a certain decapitated Venus was praised, "that men admire women without heads." His observation contains the finest sarcasm on the horror which a large class of men feel towards women of intellect. Parents educate their daughters not to think, that they may be fit for the matrimonial market. Miss Austen, the shrewdest and most worldly-wise of all female novelists, says that "where people wish to attach they should always be ignorant. A woman especially, if she have the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can." This is a polite way of saying that if you wish to secure pure feminine triumph you must either be a fool, or pretend to be one. This is the ground-root of the classification upon the statute book—women and idiots.

Miss Austin, in another sentence, lays bare the whole matter to the root. She says, "To come with a well-informed mind is to come with an inability of administering to the vanity of others." This is the real reason why men prefer weak, simpering, narrow-brained women, to those possessed of intellect and wit. Many men can get a constituency among women, and enjoy the pleasure of hearing their opinions listened to and echoed with profound respect, who, among men, are despised and held in contempt. Other men shudder at the discovery of reasoning powers in women, because they love to dictate. Any sign of dissent on the part of the lady listener in matters of real moment raises a kind of mental goose-flesh upon the male mind, which is to the last degree disagreeable.

Men are willing that women should reign supreme in the pretty province of Berlin wool and crochet patterns. They profess a profound ignorance of the small mysteries of the toilet; these pertain to woman's sphere. Here they will never meddle or make; but deliver them from women of wit and sense, who can puzzle them with questions, and confound them with arguments.

Men shrink from the discipline which the development of women exacts. Dear easy souls, they love cheap triumphs. It is *so much* easier to dazzle a silly pated woman than it is to convince a wise one.

RECONSTRUCTION IMPOSSIBLE.—This may not be true as regards States—indeed, we know it is not; but it is absolutely true as regards those delicate organs, the human lungs. When they are disorganized and partially consumed, they cannot be restored to a healthy condition. But bear in mind that this misfortune can never happen if *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar* is administered as a remedy for the cough which always precedes pulmonary consumption. Sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents and $1. Great saving to get the large size.

It has occurred to say, in this modest paragraph, that the subscription-price of THE REVOLUTION is only two dollars a year, and that you ought immediately to subscribe—for the sake of the paper, for the sake of yourself, and for the sake of the cause.

THANKSGIVING.

The great holocaust of turkeys has already begun. The whole of New England is excited over pumpkin pies. Larders groan, and poultry-yards resound with despairing shrieks. Parsons are thumping their brains for causes of gratitude to insert in the stated Thanksgiving sermon, which some we suspect will take as the needful penance to impart a greater relish to the good things to come. Anxious Marthas will sit nervously in the pews, fearful lest the plump victims in the kitchen oven are being over done. The substantial pillars of the church will be glad to be told, with a drowsy consciousness of gratitude, of the great national blessings that the Lord has bestowed upon us. How we are his peculiar people, marked out for his special beneficence by free institutions and just laws. Women who complain of the justness of these same laws, and declare that they have been defrauded of freedom in the freest land under the sun, cannot say amen! to all the parson's pious platitudes. We hope one day to have more causes of gratitude than we now possess. When the great truths of the Declaration of Independence are established for our own sex; when "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are placed on the best and surest foundation; when all men and all women are free and equal before the law; when there is no taxation without representation, then we will send up a thanksgiving song that shall make the welkin ring.

However, in this imperfect stage of our advancement, we do not withhold our humble and devout meed of gratitude. We are thankful that it is now so generally conceded in Christian countries that women have souls. We are thankful for the amelioration of the laws and the expanding fields of labor, and all the signs of hope and promise that brighten the sky. We are thankful that women who sit in darkness over the sea are moving for their rights; that Russian women, and Italian women, are asking for larger opportunities; that even the prisoners of the Harem, and the women of China and farthest Ind are feeling the impulses of the new doctrine and the new age. We are thankful for every hand that is stretched out to help in this great cause; and believing that it is the Lord's work, and that He will come up to the help of the weak against the mighty, we are glad in the conviction that each succeeding thanksgiving will find the friends of woman more and more blessed with causes of gratitude.

THE PROVIDENCE CELEBRATION.

The dedication of the new suffrage hall in Providence, Rhode Island, took place last Thursday evening, under the most favorable auspices. A goodly feast was set, presided over by the gracious presence of Mrs. Paulina W. Davis. Many of the most distinguished people of the city were present as guests.

The new hall is tastefully fitted up, and is designed for a social centre, as well as a place of meeting and for the transaction of business. The friends of woman suffrage may well be jubilant over the prospect which this new hall opens for the cause in Rhode Island. The dedicatory exercises were most inspiring. Mrs. Davis delivered a felicitous little speech at the feast, in which she told of once being present at a male banquet of the orthodox, old fashioned kind, where the ladies were banished to the gallery, and had their olfactories tantalized with the good smells ascending from the tables, while their intellects were put upon a thin diet of weak wit and would-be wisdom.

Miss Kate Stanton, niece of Mrs. E. C. Stanton, who is studying law in Providence, and bids fair to make a brilliant success, both professionally and in the lecture-field, was complimented by a graceful toast, to which she replied in a piquant little speech. Mayor Doyle was then called upon, and coming forward avowed himself in favor of suffrage, and the granting of every other right to which women can justly lay claim. The occasion was altogether delightful; and the reports which come to us through the Providence papers are calculated to make those of us who could not participate envious of our more fortunate friends.

SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATIONS.

—It was our overcrowded paper, not our intentional neglect, that led us to omit from THE REVOLUTION last week a proper mention of the meeting of the Pennsylvania Woman Suffrage Association. It wes held in Philadelphia November 10th. Among the resolutions adopted were the following:

That the women of Pennsylvania are deprived of the exercise of their right of suffrage, and consequently are governed without their consent.

That in the name of just government the women of the commonwealth demand freedom to exercise their right of suffrage on the same conditions as that right is exercised by men.

That it is the purpose of the association to work diligently and persevereingly for the accomplishment of this freedom.

The corresponding secretary reported representatives from twenty-two counties. Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Lucy Stone, Henry Blackwell, and others identified with the cause, spoke on the occasion.

—A special meeting of the Woman Suffrage Association of Alleghany county, Penn., was held in Pittsburgh last Thursday evening for the election of officers and the transaction of other business. Mrs. Hellen M. Jenkins was chosen president. The association numbers some fifty members, and the workers in Pittsburgh feel greatly encouraged, as the society was organized only last May, after Mrs. Stanton's lecture in that city.

—A very interesting Woman Suffrage meeting was held in Wilmington, Delaware, at the City Hall, on Saturday evening, November 12th. Thomas Garrett, the venerable Quaker friend of freedom, presided. Addresses were delivered by H. B. Blackwell, Julia Ward Howe, and Lucy Stone.

—The Essex county, New Jersey, Suffrage Society holds monthly meetings for social purposes. Recently, one of these meetings took place at the house of Mrs. Mary F. Davis, in Orange. Over fifty persons were present; and an interesting discussion occurred, in which Mr. Davis, Mrs. John Whitehead and others participated.

—The Vineland convention met on Nov. 11th. An animated discussion took place regarding the election of the week previous. Mrs. Lucas, sister of John and Jacob Bright, was present during a portion of the exercises. The following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The establishment of political justice is more important than any considerations of mere party expediency, therefore

Resolved, That woman suffragists should no longer support any candidate of any party for any State or local office, who is not heartily in favor of the enfranchisement of woman.

THE VOICE OF ILLINOIS.

The Executive Committee of the Illinois Woman Suffrage Association met in Farewell Hall, Chicago, last week, and gave the following instructions to their delegates to the American Woman Suffrage Association at its meeting now in session at Cleveland:

WHEREAS, it is stated in the constitution of the American Woman Suffrage Association that the object is to concentrate the efforts of all the advocates of woman suffrage in the United States; and

WHEREAS, it was for the purpose of aiding to carry out this object that the Illinois Woman Suffrage Association became auxiliary to said American Woman Suffrage Association; and

WHEREAS, The Executive Committee of the American Woman Suffrage Association have taken no steps to bring about a union of the advocates of the cause for national purposes, therefore we declare that if the Executive Committee of the Illinois Woman Suffrage Association shall take no steps at its annual meeting, to be held in Cleveland on the 22d instant, to unite the friends of the cause for national purposes, or shall refuse to listen and act upon any fair plan for a union of the National Woman Suffrage Associations, it will cease to represent the sentiments of the members of this association, or the advocates of woman suffrage in Illinois, who are almost unanimous for union; and in that case, immediately after the Cleveland Convention, the chairman of this committee, by virtue of the power vested in him by the constitution, is requested to call a meeting of the State Association, to take action in the premises,

Resolved, That the Executive Committee send delegates to the annual meeting of the American Association, with instructions to vote in favor of a union of the two associations claiming to be national, and, in case the Cleveland Association shall refuse to take steps to bring about said union, they are hereby unanimously instructed to withdraw from said convention.

The above preamble was offered by Colonel Fox, and the resolution by Judge Bradwell. The delegates to Cleveland, appointed under the resolution, were the following:

Judge Bradwell, Mr. Waite, Mrs. W. A. Croffut, Col. Fox, Mrs. Loomis, Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Levanway, Dr. Blake, Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Leonard, Mr. Babbitt, Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Mackay, and Gen. Sweet.

This is the season of the year when children teething are almost sure to have dysentery and diarrhœa. *Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup* is a never-failing remedy. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly cure griping in the bowels and wind colic. Mothers, don't fail to procure it.

"Mrs. H. B. Mitchell, of East Cambridge, was elected a delegate to the late Massachusetts Methodist State Convention. 'She is the first-born of many sisters,' says *Zion's Herald*."

We hail this forerunner of a good time coming in the churches. It is the first step that costs. Now the world will discover how good a thing it is for brethren and sisters to deliberate together in conferences.

We would call the attention of our readers to the stock of furs advertised by Balch, Price & Co., as being superior to any we have seen this fall, both for cheapness and quality, and would advise all who are about purchasing to visit this store as early as possible, and we are sure they will vouch for the truth of our assertion.

This line is written that it may unexpectedly strike the reader's eye, and remind him or her that the year is closing, and that THE REVOLUTION expects every one of its subscribers to be prompt in renewing their subscriptions.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat-fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find, in the thick waving grasses,
Where the scarlet lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops,
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hang the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells,—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings,
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesmen,—
The noble and wise of the land,—
The sword and the chisel and pallette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

Miscellany.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. HOWE'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

This building makes me think of one I saw latterly. I saw a large stone that was ready to be put into place, and I saw that those who were preparing the place for the stone, took small pieces and filled them very nicely with cement, and then, by and by, when this small work was done, the great stone was lowered and set in its place, and well does it set there. I think you must let us women come and do the small work, fix the small pieces, put the small pieces in their place, and fix them with this nice cement, and make the foundation which must underlay the noble structure, and then you gentlemen with your stronger hands shall lower the cap-stone, and then it will set all the more firmly in its place.

I have but two more words to say; on is,e that I think I feel as a woman the value of youth more than some persons here feel it; I think that is woman's doctrine. You know, in any well-regulated household, the youngest child governs. I suppose you think it is because mothers are so foolish. I think it is because they are so wise. The youngest child is the last arrival from the bosom of the Eternal Father, and knows something that the others do not. He is borne further on [applause]; so I shall take the part of the younger children, and very affectionately and very earnestly.

And then the last word is, I think that I may claim to say here that the administration of the church is too masculine. I listened when I came here to-day, and I heard all the speakers say, "Brothers of the Conference;" nobody said "Sisters of the Conference." I think we belong here, and that you will find out more and more, the longer you live, how much we belong here. We have work to do. There is the kindred denomination—the Universalist—which has not only opened its churches very widely to woman, but its pulpits also; and her services are very much appreciated there. There are some people so poor, unfortunate and ignorant that they like to hear a woman preach, and wherever such are found, women are very glad to speak. It is only polite that, after we have been obliged for eighteen centuries to say Amen to everything you gentlemen have taught us, you should finally say Amen to us. [Laughter and applause.]

FEMALE HIGHWAY ROBBERS.

One Major Milligan, who has just written a book entitled, "Wild Life among the Koords," gives a painful minute argument intended to demonstrate that the garden of Eden corresponded with the high plateau of America! Of the Koords his account is very unfavorable. The kind of highway robbery practiced by the women of the country appears to have particularly irritated him. "The culprits," he says—"the brigands, in this case are young women, who set out on plundering pursuits in order to turn a dishonest penny. A troop of fair bandits take up a station at the river, there particularly, to await for the arrival of the doomed traveler. As soon as the *vedettes* announce his approach the fair troop starts off to meet him, welcoming him with dances and with fiery glances of irresistable power. He is compelled to stop, as a matter of course, and the fair maids then politely request him to alight from his horse. No sooner has the bewildered victim, unconscious of his fate, put his foot on the ground than he finds himself at close quarters with the whole troop. Immediately he is stripped of all he has on his back, and is left in that primitive state in which Adam was at one time."

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The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

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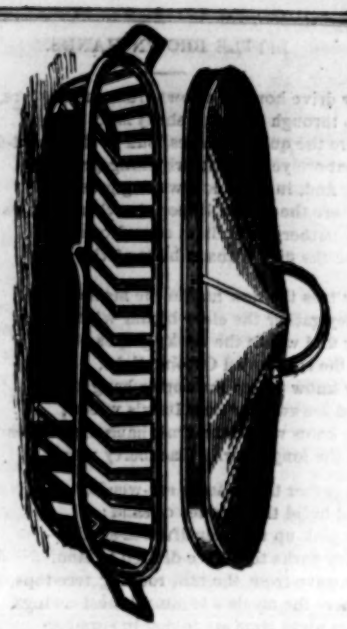

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For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that DR. BING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles and nothing else, and has cured cases of over twenty years' standing.
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Inflammation of the Lungs; all Liver, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Organic Weakness, Female Afflictions, General Debility, and all complaints of the Urinary Organs, in Male or Female, producing Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Gravel, Dropsy, and Scrofula, which most generally terminate in Consumptive Decline. It purifies and enriches the Blood, the Billiary, Glandular and Secretive System; corrects and strengthens the Nervous and Muscular Forces. It acts like a charm on weak, nervous and debilitated females, both young and old. None should be without it. Sold everywhere. Price $1.00. LABORATORY—142 Franklin street, Baltimore, Md. o6 1y

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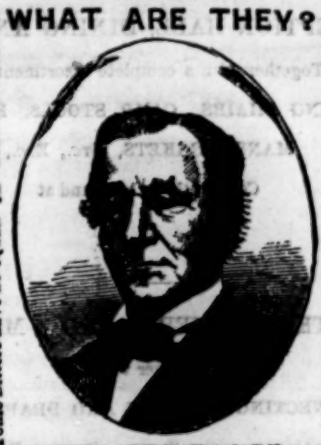

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They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

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Made of **Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors** doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the Native Roots and Herbs of California, free **from all Alcoholic Stimulants.** They are the **GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and A LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE** a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to direction and remain long unwell.

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DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the stomach, and stimulate the torpid liver and bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

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Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions or sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.

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UNSOLICITED TESTIMONY.

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Dear Sir: I wish you to send me two dozen boxes of your Carbolic Salve. I have an obstinate sore on my foot, which has been a running sore for over ten years. I was sent one box of your Salve, and I found it to do better on my foot than any other. R. B. BLERUM.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 29, 1870.

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The Carbolic Salve has not only healed the eruptions on my face, but has soothed and allayed inflammation.
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Price 25c. per box. Sold by all Druggists.

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The Great Remedy for every form of

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Small Doses calm, soothe and tranquillize promptly.
Full Doses induce natural sleep immediately.

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CONNECTING CORNICES AND DRAPERIES,

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NONE BUT PURE HORSE-HAIR UPHOLSTERY.

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE,

FOR

PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND PRESERVING THE BEAUTY OF THE HUMAN HAIR.

No other Compound possesses the peculiar properties which so exactly suit the various conditions of the human hair.

It softens the hair when harsh and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy, vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.

LOSS OF HAIR.

Boston, July 19.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.: For many months my hair has been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed.

I commenced the use of your Cocoaine the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared, the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair.

Yours, very truly, Susan R. Pope.

A REMARKABLE CASE.

East Middleboro', Mass., June 9, 1864.

Messrs. Burnett & Co.: My daughter has been afflicted with neuralgia in her head for three years. She had used during that time many powerful applications. These, with the intense heat caused by the pains, burned her hair so badly, that in October, 1861, it all came off.

She was induced to try your Cocoaine, and the result was astonishing. She had not used half the contents of a bottle before her head was covered with a fine young hair. In four months the hair has grown several inches in length, very thick, soft, and fine, and of a darker color than formerly.

With respect, William S. Eddy.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the BEST and CHEAPEST Hair-Dressing in the world. It promotes the GROWTH OF THE HAIR, and is entirely free from all irritating matter. The name and title thereof is adopted as a Trade-Mark, to secure the public and proprietors against imposition by the introduction of spurious articles. All unauthorized use of this Trade-Mark will be promptly prosecuted.

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For Sale by Druggists everywhere. sep22

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Plain and Ornamental Work in Every Style.

DOTY'S WASHING MACHINE,

Lately much improved, and the new

UNIVERSAL CLOTHES WRINGER,

Improved with Rowell's Patent Double Cog-wheels and the Patent Stop, are now unquestionably far superior to any apparatus for washing clothes ever invented, and will save their cost twice a year, by saving labor and clothes.

Those who have used them give testimony as follows:

"We like our machine much; could not be persuaded to do without it, and with the aid of Doty, we feel that we are masters of the position.—*Rev. L. Scott, Bishop M. E. Church.*

The N. Y. *Weekly Tribune* of December 15th, 1869, in answer to a correspondent, says: "Of Washers, there is none to be compared with Doty's."

PRICES—A FAIR OFFER.

If the merchants in your place will not furnish or send for the machines, send us the retail price, Washer $14, Extra Wringer $9, and we will forward either or both machines, free of freight, to places where no one is selling; and so sure are we they will be liked, that we agree to refund the money if any one wishes to return the machines free of freight, after a month's trial, according to directions.

No husband, father or brother should *permit* the drudgery of washing with the hands fifty-two days in the year, when it can be done better, more expeditiously, with less labor, and no injury to the garments, by a Doty Clothes Washer and a Universal Wringer.

Sold by dealers generally, to whom liberal discounts are made. R. C. BROWNING, Gen'l Agent,
Nov. 10. 3t 32 Cortlandt st., New York.

CATARRH! STOPPED UP HEAD!!

RUNNING OF THE NOSE,

CONSTANT BLOWING OF THE NOSE, HAWKING AND SPITTING, ULCERATED THROAT.

Thousands suffer from the above and many other chronic diseases without knowing that Catarrh is the parent of many evils. Often the secreted mucus flowing down the throat clogs up the lungs, and lays the foundation for Consumption. My success is unparalleled in the annals of medicine.

Write to references and consultation fee,

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Its ADAPTATION TO THE HUMAN VOICE as an accompaniment, owing to its peculiar sympathetic, mellow, yet rich, singing qualities and powerful tone.

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